Volume IV Chicago, Ill., August, 1927 Number 5

The Liberal

WILLIAM BLAKE

To see a world in a grain of sand
And Heaven in a wild flower
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.

Copied from the monument of William Blake by Dr. Bradley. Used in honor of Blake's centenary which falls on August 27. The monument is in Westminster Abbey.

Published monthly by

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THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Application made for Entry as Second Class Mail at the Post Office of Chicago, Ill.

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AN APPRECIATION

Fifteen years is a long time to occupy one pulpit in these days when the average length of time ministers remain in the same church is six years.

On July 5, 1927, I have been in the pulpit of The Peoples Church fifteen years. During this period the church and pastor have passed thru many vicissitudes. Sunshine and shadow have both been experienced. There have been hill-top hours and there have been hours of wandering in the sorrow of deep valleys. I have seen loyal and much loved friends grow disinterested and find greater strength from other sources. I have seen the loyalty and esteem of others deepen with the passing years. The inevitable visitation of death has removed from our church family many whose friendships I recall with an indescribable sense of sorrow that they have passed on. As I look back across the record of the years I find more of encouragement and inspiration than of defeat and failure.

No church can exist unless it meets a specific need in the hearts and lives of the people. Our church has tried to meet that need. If we fail here we fail in everything. When I am disturbed, perplexed and discouraged the one thought which sustains me is the consciousness that behind all the machinery and materialism necessary to the progress of church administration there are a great multitude of lives which have been given new vistas and new valuations. Someone has been cheered and some despairing heart has a new birth of hope. Such is the ultimate reason for the existence of such a church as is ours and such is the ideal which should motivate its activities. All else is momentary, transitory and temporary.

I am writing this far away from the church and people I love. My window looks out upon the glistening pavement of Guilford Street in London town. It has been raining all the evening and rain always did make me a little homesick. I am thinking of the kind and gracious friends who presented us with $1257.50 as an anniversary present commemorating my fifteenth year as pastor of The Peoples Church. I wish it were physically possible to take each of you by the hand, members, radio friends, Liberal readers, and tell you as best I could of the depth of my appreciation. The names of the donors are on my table as I write. I thank you for your kindness and goodness. I am especially glad of another fact in connection with the gift. Not a dollar of it came out of the treasury of The Peoples Church. It was the voluntary expression from individuals as such. At a time when our church is so seriously in need of money I would have accepted not a single cent had I believed that it otherwise would have gone into our treasury.

I close with this prayer in my heart that I may be spared another fifteen years and then fifteen more to do what I can to bring light and life and love to the hearts of those who honor me by attending the ministrations from the pulpit of our beloved church. Across the miles tonight I send a hearty handclasp of appreciation and esteem.

—Preston Bradley.

TRAVEL SKETCHES FROM A PREACHER'S DIARY

Tuesday, July 5 — The day dawned bright and clear. The household was astir early for today was the long anticipated day of our leave taking. Yesterday we finished packing. I finally convinced mother we could make the trip with two large suitcases and her smaller case. I took a farewell walk around the little island today with Tim, my dear companion on many a walk. He is only a dog, but what a dog! His uncanny sense that something unusual was taking place was evident in his every move. He did not leave me until the boat pulled away from the dock. At breakfast he curled up by my chair and his big soft brown eyes seemed to say, "So you're going away. I hope it will not be for long. Why cannot I go with you?" We will soon be back, little pal, and then there will be more strolls together on the sand of Lake Michigan shores. I pity a man who has never known and won the love of a dog.

Breakfast was rather of a silent meal this morning. No one spoke much about going away. We love our Arden home and the little island and "all the people in it" as Shakespeare said of his Forest of Arden. At 10 a. m. the boat arrived. Bags were put aboard. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schwartz, of Winnetka, who are our guests at Arden Lodge, said farewell on the dock. Tim and Nick (the Schwartz dog) tried to jump aboard. Poor old Tim! As the boat went thru the narrows I looked back and he stood on the big rock on Cedar Point watching us out of sight. Jim and Thor went with us to drive us to Duluth. At Arrowhead Point we left the boat and drove to Duluth. I am almost sorry we planned to go—the island and the lake never seemed more beautiful and restful. Not much conversation on the way to Duluth. It is a serious matter to leave home and loved ones for so long a journey. At five this afternoon we had dinner in Duluth at the Congress Cafe—where the best tomato soup ever made is their famous dish. Six o'clock and the farewells at the station are over. The train pulls out. Mother and I sitting in our seats with mist filled eyes and tightened throats. A sunset of brilliant golden beauty was our benediction. We are on our way to the lands beyond the sea—and homesick!

Wednesday, July 6—Trout Lake Junction, Michigan, and our Montreal train two hours late. Uninteresting place. Rained most of the time. Listened to the quaint philosophy of some lumber jacks loitering around the small wooden depot. The ride from the Soo until dark tonight was delightful. The railroad goes thru some very rugged country. Heavy timber in places. Then the barren lead filled hills in the mining country. Wondering how things are on the little island tonight. Thinking of church problems as well. Retired after leaving North Bay.

Thursday, July 7—I was up at 4:30 this morning as I wanted to see the country between Ottawa and Montreal. The Ottawa River is a majestic island dotted stream. Arrived Montreal at 7:25 a. m.—exactly on time. One gets their first glimpse of Europe in Montreal. Very picturesque, quaint and old fashioned place. We took a sight seeing tour around the city. We visited the far famed shrine of St. Joseph and I had a few moments interview with Brother Andre—the 83 year old founder of the shrine. In the afternoon we visited some old book stores—the only stores I ever shop in with real delight. I bought two books for reading on ship board—"The Adventure of Living" by Strachey and "The Recreations of an Historian" by Trevelyan. Back to the hotel where we sent some letters home. This place is filled with tourists,

mostly Americans. Met my undertaker friend—Mr. Arntzen from Chicago. He has just returned from Europe on the new steamer —the Empress of Australia. Very glad to see him. Tomorrow we sail!

Friday, July 8—We were both awake early this morning. One doesn't go to Europe every day and we were somewhat excited. At 9 o'clock this morning we boarded our steamer. As we drove up to the wharf we had our first glimpse of the S. S. Andania which is to be our ocean home. Her decks glistened in the brilliant sunlight. What a beautiful work of man is a boat! Tickets and passport were soon examined. A steward led us to our pleasant stateroom. The formalities of signing embarkation and citizenship cards were soon over and we then sought an advantageous spot on deck to watch the sailing. The sistership "Ansonia" was moored just ahead. We had the joy of watching the tugs come out, make fast and swing her bow around into the St. Lawrence. She is bound for Southampton. We watched the steamers from the Great Lakes come thru the locks. Here the lake traffic meets the ocean going ships. I thought of the time when we will take a Europe bound ship at our own Municipal Pier in Chicago. The day is not far distant. Precisely at 10 a. m. our whistle sounded, tugs came along side, flags were hoisted and our ship slowly moved. Mother and I stood squeezing hands like excited children and then our eyes filled with tears. Hundreds of people lined the wharf waving handkerchiefs and shouting "Bon Voyage." It was all impressive and majestic. Many were weeping. I thought of the great diversity of emotions in the hearts of those left behind. Some hearts were breaking and others vibrant with joy. There was no one there to wave us a farewell so we just took out our handkerchiefs and waved at them all—hoping that some hearts we knew many miles away might know our farewell gestures were for them. We were soon under full steam and headed down the mighty St. Lawrence for England. All day we were on deck watching the panorama of land and sea and sky. A perfect day of sunshine and warmth. We were fortunate in having a table to ourselves in the dining saloon. This makes for intimacy in conversation which is necessary with two observing folk.

After we were well underway we retired to our cabin where we had some delightful surprises. There were two lovely boxes of flowers—one from the Woman's Club of the church and the other from Mrs. P. E. Goold who was so long closely identified with our church life. There were also two packets of letters and telegrams. The thoughtfulness of the senders will never leave our hearts. They made us indescribably happy. The first telegram we opened was from our Choir Director, Mr. Emerson Abernethy. The letters, with but one exception, brought us joy and gladness and the telegrams, excepting the one which told us of financial troubles at the church, were inspiring and encouraging. Those who brightened our leaving American shores by their expressions of "Bon Voyage" have endeared themselves in an eternal way. This is not a mere pleasure jaunt but the trip is being made because of the recognition given our church by those behind the great International Congress of Religion at Prague. My address there will probably be the most important I have ever made. I could not go on thru the summer in Chicago. If I had there would be no winter for me. We passed the historic city of Quebec at dusk. A symphony in color. A tender came alongside bringing passengers and taking off our mail. We spent the evening on deck—thinking of many things. The sky was star spangled. We sleep tonight lulled by the throbbing of the engines that push our boat out to the open sea.

Saturday, July 9—Still in the lovely St. Lawrence—the rugged grandeur of New Brunswick is on our starboard and the ice fringed coast of Labrador on our port. Glorious sunshine. Moderate breeze with a slight sea. Have met few of the passengers—no one on board that we know. Walked four miles around the deck today.

Sunday, July 10—Labrador on our port side and Newfoundland on the starboard. Late today we entered the Straits of Belle Isle. It was a conjecture whether we were going the southern route thru Cape Race or thru the Straits. It all depended on ice conditions which only our Captain knew. The Straits it is! We passed quite close to the Labrador Coast. I counted 18 ice bergs at one time. I thought of that great unselfish soul, Dr. Grenfell and his work in Labrador. What a rebuke is such a life to selfishness and personal gain! Sailing tonight out into the mighty Atlantic. Mother and I stood under the Pilot House and peered into the blackness of the night. Fifty miles more and we will be thru the danger zone from ice bergs. We trust our Captain, our ship and the care of Eternal love. Attended three religious services today. A Roman Catholic Mass at 9 a. m. a Church of England service at 11 a. m. and a Presbyterian service at 5 p. m. Very little liberal religion on this ship. The most truly religious service of the entire day was the classical program played by the Ship's Orchestra at 9 o'clock tonight in the lounge. There is a moderate following breeze and sea tonight. We made 374 miles today.

Monday, July 11—Sea, sky and memories! No land in sight today. Do you remember those beautiful lines of Byron:—

"Dark, heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity?"

How insignificant do the petty things of life seem out here! I know now why men of the sea are spacious and imaginative. No narrow boundaries, no barriers, no limitations. We made 366 miles today. Rained most of the day. Slight sea.

Tuesday, July 12—Usual routine life aboard ship. I walked eight miles today. Enjoying the salt water morning baths. Learned tonight that a case of scarlet fever had broken out in the Tourist Cabin. Hope it does not mean a delay for our ship at Liverpool. Made 346 miles today.

Wednesday, July 13 — Pleasant day aboard. The ship is rolling somewhat tonight but neither of us feel even a suspicion of sickness. We are not taking any part in the social life of the ship. No bridge, no lounge visits. We are on deck except for eating and sleeping. Oh, this sea and sky! Made 350 miles today. Moderate breeze and sea.

Thursday, July 14—Voyage is nearing an end. Tomorrow afternoon we will see the Irish Coast. This morning about 10 I saw a line of smoke off our starboard bow. I have been watching it for hours. Evidently we are overtaking another steamer. Shortly before noon we passed an ocean tramp, outward bound. First ship we have seen since leaving the Labrador coast. We had our first colorful sunset tonight. We sailed 357 miles today. Light breeze and slight sea and swell.

Friday, July 15—At 10 this morning we sighted the Irish coast looking like a phantom on the horizon. All day we have been rounding the coast and crossing the Irish Sea—then the Clyde River. Ireland on our starboard and the purple hills of Scotland on our port. The ride down the Clyde was ideal. Brilliant sunshine. We came to anchor at 11:30 tonight, opposite Greenock. A tender came along side bringing the custom and immigration officials. A mellow moon tonight. We thought of Arden, home and loved ones. It seems strange aboard tonight. We miss the throbbing engines and the roll of the ship. Had a long visit today with our Chief Engineer,

Mr. Duncan. He is a survivor of the Lusitania disaster and gave me a detailed account of his experiences. We sleep tonight on the Clyde. Made 356 miles today.

Saturday, July 16—Was up at 5 this morning. At 6:30 the tender took off our Glasgow passengers. Soon after we were under way bound down the Irish Sea for Liverpool. A mist hung over the sea and we sighted no land. Sat in the sun on the aft deck most of the day—thinking mostly of home and the church. Tonight at 7 we picked up the Bar Light Ship and after waiting for the tide gradually worked our way up the Mersey River. Anchored tonight in the Mersey, off Liverpool. The lights of the city sparkle like myriads of diamonds. Most beautiful.

Sunday, July 17—Awake at dawn! Boats, large and small anchored all around us. All is excitement aboard the Andania for this morning we all disembark. Breakfast at 8 and at 9 this morning we were alongside the landing stage. We passed the immigration officials last night. He asked me three questions. "What are you coming to England for?" "How long are you going to remain?" "Have you a return ticket?" That was all and we were admitted to England. At 9:45 we walked ashore. Liverpool—a mass of activity even on Sunday. From our hotel I called the Rev. Lawrence Kedfern, our minister at Ullet Road Church. Had met him in Boston two years ago. This morning attended service at the Church of the Blessed Virgin (Church of England). The Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Mr. Bowring, attended in state. Very serious looking man. Wore a scarlet coat, trimmed in sable. Attended by robed dignitaries. Carried a long white pointed wand—symbol of his office. Drove up to the church in a gilded coach drawn by four vivacious horses. All very much like a medieval pageant. The church is a church for the blind. Two blind boys read the lessons. In the afternoon attended the 3 o'clock service at the Liverpool Cathedral still in process of construction. Again saw the Lord Mayor attend in state. Also the Earl of Derby, the architect of the new Cathedral and other officials. I have never seen such pageantry. The Lord Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. David, preached a remarkable sermon which was distinctively modern. There are about 15 years work yet in this most imposing Cathedral. It was thronged with worshipers. We took a bus to Sefton Park after the service and had a delightful walk amid its natural beauty. At 6:30 we attended evening service at our Ullet Road church—a church of exquisite Gothic charm. Returned to our hotel a little tired tonight.

Monday, July 18—At 3 this afternoon we left Liverpool by steamer for the Isle of Man, only a four hour ride. The most beautiful sight I have even seen was the Isle of Man from our steamer as we drew near the pier. A natural rock bound harbor with high hills in the back ground. Visited Hall Caine's home—Greba Castle, this afternoon. I have long wanted to see the Isle of Man and it is worth travelling far to see. For hours tonight we strolled along the sea front. It is no wonder the Manx people are so interesting. The highways are but hedge lined lanes. Saw a sheep dog trial today in the country. The various sheep-men bring their dogs to determine which dogs are the best in sheep herding and driving. The dogs conducted themselves with the sheep with almost human understanding. Sleeping tonight in the Old Fort Ann hotel which stands on a high hill top over looking the harbor and the city of Douglas.

Tuesday, July 19 — More walking thru the old parts of Douglas. I am going to give a lecture this winter on the Isle of Man. It will be for us a never-to-be-forgotten place. Left the Isle of Man at 4 this afternoon for Liverpool. At Liverpool we took the train for Old Chester. Had our first ex-

perience with the little cigar-box like coaches of the English trains. Doors opposite every seat. One simply opens a door and steps into a seat. Arrived at Chester quite late. Found a quiet little hotel and retired.

Wednesday, July 20—Walked the historic walls of Chester today. Masonry laid by the Romans at the time of their invasion of England. Everything is old in Chester. Narrow streets and picturesque old stores and houses. The Chester Cathedral is one of the most interesting in all England. Spent hours in it today. What a strange and paradoxical career religion has had in England! With all its beauty the old cathedral seems quite dead. It belongs to the past. It is still used as a house of worship but I should think its ministers would find it difficult to preach a religion of life and the future within its walls. I am not surprised that the comparatively modern religious movements of Wesley and Spurgeon found such a response. Canon May, the librarian, showed us around the Cathedral.

Thursday, July 21—Left Chester this morning for Newcastle-on-Tyne via Liverpool. Rode until late afternoon across England passing thru the industrial center. Saw the Towers of York Minster at York. Sorry we cannot visit the Minster as they are commemorating now its 1300th anniversary. The Rev. Herbert Barnes, minister of our church of the Divine Unity at Newcastle met us at the train. A genial, scholarly, County Down Irishman. We are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. F. Morel, who have a charming home at 13 Bellgrave Terrace. This is our first experience as guests in an English home. Mr. Morel is an astute collector of etchings and old silver. The home is filled with artistic things.

Friday, July 22—Visited the old church of St. Thomas this morning. Everything seems old here. At one o'clock today I made my first address on English soil. Was somewhat nervous. I spoke to a large group of New Castle business men at the Rotary Club. The meetings are much more dignified than Rotary meetings at home. There is no singing and no by-play. I spoke on "Anglo-American Relations" and was most enthusiastically received. Immediately after the address we left with our hosts, in a very fine English automobile called the "Sunbeam," for Durham. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis of the New Castle church have most graciously placed their car and chauffeur at our disposal. I have never known greater courtesy or finer hospitality than we have found here. It has rained all day but it did not dampen the interest of our Durham visit. The Durham Cathedral is the only Cathedral in Europe where the old monastic kitchen is still in use. We had the very great pleasure of meeting the famous Dr. Wellton, dean of Durham, and having tea with him in his ancient Deanery. The Dean is a character. He is very tall, fat, gaitered and wears the atrocious hat of his calling. I thought what a sensation he would make walking down Michigan Blvd. America never saw his like. His speech is quick and decidedly English—altogether a most unusual personality. I was especially interested in his most modern library. He is thoroughly protestant in his view point. A strange paradox. Immersed in medievalism and yet modern in his point of view. I asked him about the growth of the Confessional in the English Churches. He immediately replied, "when women are ordained and hear the confessions of women, that will end the confessional." Phillips Brooks preached his ordination sermon and he went to school with Dean Inge—an intimate friend. Last week he entertained at tea Bishop Manning of New York.

Saturday, July 23—Visited the English Lakes today by motor. Delightful scenery. High green clad hills and lovely lakes. Visit-

ed Windemere and Grasmere — was profoundly interested for this is the land of Wordsworth. Visited Dove Cottage at Grasmere where Wordsworth did his finest work and where he spent his happiest years. A quaint and charming old stone cottage. I walked up the stone path which he laid and which led to the hill top back of the cottage. Here he used to sit in the quiet of the evening and gaze upon the green clad hills.

Sunday, July 24—A preacher friend at home told me before leaving that I would find the English church audience very cold and irresponsive. I did not find them so today in my first experience of preaching in England. I preached this morning to about 300 people in our New Castle church. In the evening the church which seats 600 was completely filled. The minister said they always have their largest congregations in the evening. Both congregations were very responsive and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The church is very old fashioned and I felt very much hemmed in standing in the high pulpit where I could not step one way or the other. A balcony extends entirely around the auditorium and many people were seated directly behind my back. I gave the same point of view as I do at home. Customs are different, environment is different but the cause of liberal religion is the same.

Monday, July 25—The Ellis family has been more than hospitable with their lovely car. Today they sent it once more for us and we had the very great pleasure of travelling the 91 miles to Melrose, Scotland, thru the moors covered with thousands of grazing sheep. Had luncheon at a quaint like hotel called—the "Percy Arms" at Otterburn on the Scottish border. Here are fine woolen mills. The Rev. Mr. Barnes with his usual thoughtfulness and kindness presented Mother with a lovely woolen scarf. He gave me a beautiful book containing a history of the New Castle church with my name and date stamped in gold on the corner as a momento of my visit to his church. We are in Melrose, Scotland, tonight.

Tuesday, July 26—This morning in a horse drawn victoria carriage, with an old Scotch coachman in a high hat and brass buttoned coat we drove on the winding narrow road to Abbotsford—the home of Sir Walter Scott—a place of indescribable charm and beauty. Everything is as he left it. His library of over 5000 volumes interested me most. I was deeply touched at the sight of his chair and desk where he wrote the Waverly novels. We then drove six miles to Dryborough to visit the old abbey in whose yard Sir Walter Scott is buried. By his side sleeps Lady Scott, and his biographer and son-in-law Lockhart. I wonder how many read Scott these days. Left Melrose for London tonight arriving at 10 p. m.

Wednesday, July 27—In London town—"a man's town" as Kipling calls it. As we are to remain here for several days we left a hotel and found a comfortable room at 91 Guilford Street, near Russell Square and the British Museum. We are paying $15 a week including breakfast—and this for two. Visited The Chicago Daily News office today and saw our first Chicago papers since July 6. Deeply grieved at the passing of Keith Preston. I shall miss his literary articles and the "Hit and Miss." He was only 40. He was too young to die but all who knew realized he was over working. Visited the Tower of London with its grewsome history. Saw the crown jewels—useless gold, diamonds and platinum. There are thousands out of work here and I have never seen such squalor and poverty as the East End has, but—royalty must be maintained! Walked over the Thames on Westminster Bridge. The Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey present an imposing view. Mighty throbbing

London—in many ways—capital of the world. Called at our British Unitarian Headquarters today. Met Dr. Mellone—the scholarly and gracious secretary. Dr. Mellone is recognized in the Englilsh speaking world for his fine scholarship.

Thursday, July 28—Spent all day in Westminster Abbey and the House of Parliament. Some excitement over the attitude of America in the Naval Conference at Geneva. Will nations ever rise above armaments, ships and aeroplanes as mediums of peace? How can a world so soon forget? It is beyond me. Stood today at the tombs of Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson, Sir Henry Irving and Charles Dickens. These mean more to me than all the kings, queens, dukes, generals and warriors England ever had. We paused in silent tribute before the tomb of England's Unknown Soldier who lies buried in the Abbey. Must there ever be another?

Friday, July 29—Went to Hyde Park this afternoon. On the way stopped at the Duke of York's home and thru the iron grating on the side walk saw the Duke and Duchess, the King and Queen, leave in their motor. Later out came the Duke of Conneaught. From five until nearly midnight we spent in Hyde Park at the Marble Arch where nightly is held the most free open forum in the world. My experiences and reactions here will be the basis of a lecture. I saw the Red Flag flying for the first time over a Communist orator who was giving a lecture on "The Art of War." Atheism, Catholicism, Fundamentalism, Free Love, Mormonism, Communism, Socialism, Conservatism, Liberalism, the Salvation Army, Psychology, and every other imaginable view point were being openly and fearlessly discussed before thousands in various groups.

Saturday, July 30—Visited two churches today I have long wanted to see—the City Temple and Westminster Chapel. We did not enter the City Temple but were fortunate in meeting the virger of the Chapel. I stood in the old pulpit of Dr. Jowett, Dr. Hutton and Dr. G. Campbell Morgan. A very old fashioned auditorium with a high circular pulpit. The balcony extended around the auditorium. Dr. Harris Kirk of Baltimore is preaching there during July and August. We are greatly enjoying our London rambles. I look for canes and pipes and Mother for old glass and china. Abominable weather—rains every few minutes.

Sunday, July 31—This morning I preached in our church, the Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead. I was thrilled to preach from the pulpit where Martineau and Brook Herford had preached. Herford was seven years in Chicago and nine years in the Arlington St. Church in Boston. I met two of his sisters who were in my congregation this morning. Also a nephew and a grandnephew who has just taken his degree in Zoology at Oxford. The Rev. R. Nicol Cross, the minister, conducted the service. The charm of the church wove a spell about me and I had unusual freedom in the pulpit. The environment was perfect. We had dinner with the delightful family of Mr. Macrae Moir of Sunnybank, Hampstead. Mother revelled in their English garden. Mr. Moir is a collector of brass and on our leaving he presented me with an old brass ash tray. Mr. Moir is a solicitor (lawyer) and is associated with the League of Nation's activities. He occupied a seat at Geneva when Germany was admitted to the League. I shall never forget our visit after dinner as the coffee was served in their lovely drawing room.

Tonight we attended the City Temple. All my life I have wanted to visit this historic church. We entered early and already the people were waiting until the 10 minutes expired which are given seat holders before the service begins. They use the identical system which we are going to try

next year in our church. Reserved seats are held until only ten minutes before the service begins. Then they belong to the public. Dr. Norwood, the minister, preached. In many respects it was a great sermon altho at times he seemed to be laboring. I know the mood. The church was filled. I thought of Joseph Parker, R. J. Campbell and Joseph Fort Newton—all have stood in that old white pulpit. Dr. Norwood is considered the outstanding preacher in England today, but in my opinion does not compare with Dr. Gordon or Dr. Cadman and is far inferior to what Gunsaulaus was in his best days. However, Norwood is an impressive man with a pleasing voice. Standing there with his gown and scarlet hood he made an appealing picture. We walked down High Holburn to Kings Way and then to our own room in Guilford Street after the service wondering about the home-folks and almost wishing we were there.

(To be continued.)

BOOK CHATS

I anticipated doing a great amount of reading on ship board. I did very little. Most of my reading then was done after I had retired for the night. I found it very difficult to read with the sea and sky all about me. It was as difficult to read on the boat as it is for me to read out of doors any time. I finally gave it up.

I am writing these chats in London and the whole town is agog over H. G. Wells' new book called "Meanwhile." The London critics in yesterday's Sunday papers lambasted it frightfully. The more they knock the larger will unquestionably grow the sales. I imagine Mr. Wells delighting in their furor. "Every knock is a boost"—always. I am going to get the book in the first shop I pass. I do not know whether the American edition is out yet or not. From what I can learn it deals with the eve of the general strike in England last year. Whether we agree or not Wells is always a challenge and not a little provocative. Mr. John Austin says in yesterday's London Post, "I foresee a not too distant day when Mr. Wells' reputation as a 'great thinker' will be subjected to a much fiercer and exhaustive analysis than has yet been vouchsafed it. Great quantities of it will not survive." It is a matter of opinion.

Yesterday when I preached at Rosslyn Hill Church, London, the minister, Mr. Cross, informed me that he had been reading about me in a recent London book. Naturally, and being human, I was anxious to know what he meant. It happens that when Gilbert Frankan, the well known English novelist, visited America last year he attended services in my church. Mr. Frankan's last book published in America was "Masterson." Since returning to England he has published his American impressions in a book which he calls "An Unsentimental Journey." Mr. Cross informs me that he devotes several paragraphs to his visits to our church. Needless to say I will soon own a copy of the "Unsentimental Journey." I expect to meet Mr. Frankan soon and if he consents I will republish his remarks concerning our church in "The Liberal."

I am enjoying the London Book Shops. There are none like them any where. If I could buy all the books I wanted here I am afraid getting home would be a matter of swimming.

—P. B.

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, OF CHICAGO

To the Editors of The Inquirer,

Sirs,—It is so rarely that I burden the demands upon your space that I make no apology for claiming a few lines of it now. I merely write to say that Dr. Preston Bradley preached at both services in the Church of the Divine Unity

today. He is on a holiday in this country before crossing to Prague for the Free Religious Congress in September. All his Sundays in England he has given to our English churches and my object in writing this letter is just to tell our English Unitarian people that they should not miss this gifted and virile American preacher.

He preached two sermons in our church today. We had two big congregations. Everyone of us lived for an hour on the high tableland of the spirit. It was propaganda of the highest and best kind. There was no denominationalism, no sensationalism and no sectarianism, but our literature rack in the vestibule was cleared by visitors who wanted to know more of "these Unitarians" and what they teach.

Here in Newcastle we relied on our own people and the people of our own city to fill the church. I am certain that a good suggestion would be for each District Association to work up a rally of the various churches in the Association to attend the particular church in which Dr. Bradley is preaching. They will find this common rally to be an inspiring time, and if they do not go away from the service feeling we have a work to do they will go away feeling differently from what we felt today.

I do not know whether my suggestion is workable. I give it for what it is worth. What I can say is that we in the Church of the Divine Unity will never forget what was said today, nor the man who said it.—Yours, etc.

Herbert Barnes.

Newcastle-on-Tyne,
July 24.

(Dr. Preston Bradley is to preach at Swansea on August 7; Warwick on August 14; Belfast, Rosemary Street, on August 21.)

Reprinted from "The Inquirer," London, England, July 3.

THOUGHTS CURRENT

Religion, An Enthusiasm

It is only in exaltation, in quiet enthusiasm, that religious feelings can come to life and become pervasive; and religious truth can only become a possession available for every-day use in proportion as it is possible to make the non-secular and exalted state of mind permanent, and to maintain enthusiasm as the enduring mood of life and conduct. And as this is capable of all degrees of intensity, from over-powering outbursts and isolated raptures to a gentle but permanent tension and elevation of spirit, so also is the certainty and actuality of our knowledge, whether of the sway of the divine power, or of our own higher nature and destiny, or of any religious truth whatever.....In fact, religion and religious interpretations are nothing if not "enthusiasms," that is to say, expressions of the art of sustaining a permanent exaltation of spirit. And any one who is not capable of this inward exaltation, or is too little capable of it, is badly qualified for either religion or religious outlook.

Rudolf Otto.

('Naturalism and Religion,' p. 13)

OCEANS OF SUNSHINE

If you have ever gone to Europe you know the thrill of going the first time! We awakened early the morning of the great day—to blue sky and bright sunshine, and we were filled with gladness to behold such a fine day for our sailing. We were so filled with excitement that we could only eat half a bite of breakfast, and at nine o'clock got into a taxi and drove to the Cunard docks. That queer inner going-on-a-journey -feeling increased as we neared the dock. Driving down the wharf the taxi deposited us and our bags near the gang plank, a porter took our bags, a man in uniform looked at our tickets and —we went up the gang plank— the thought occurring to me that

we would not step off again until we came down the plank in Scotland! The Purser gave us a large bundle of letters and a number of telegrams and we decided not to open them until we were under way as we did not want to miss all the business of our ship leaving dock, so we went to the upper deck and stood at the railing. Everything was abustle with excitement. People aboard seeing friends off, late ones coming on, baggage being rushed to the hold, and the numerous deck hands making all the preparations for casting off the lines. Finally a very young boy in uniform went around the decks pounding a large brass gong and calling "All visitors ashore!" and I knew the great moment had arrived! The ship's whistle blew a gigantic blast that makes one shiver all over; two black and red tugs marched out of a line of them, just like two little wooden soldiers, and came precisely—one to the stern, one to the bow—to receive our lines. Then our bow flag came down and the mast flag run up—and something tightened in my throat and I had to bite my lips hard. Slowly we moved from dock, escorted by the little "soldier" tugs. Many people crowded the wharf waving "goodbye" to friends and dear ones; there was no one there who knew us but—we waved back to—America! The "Andania" was under way, sailing down the St. Lawrence.

Going to our stateroom to read our mail and wires before luncheon we found there the most beautiful surprise—two large boxes of flowers! No one will ever realize what all those precious messages meant to us! Our hearts (and eyes) overflowed with appreciation and gratitude for true and loyal friends! I had the steward put some of the flowers in the cold storage plant, and two vases were kept replenished on our dining table throughout the trip, which gave us inexpressible pleasure.

All days are very much alike aboard ship; one walks part of the way to Europe by trotting around deck so many miles a day; in between times it is heavenly to recline in a steamer chair all rolled up in a blanket, and drowsily watch the sky, the clouds, the waves rolling away—away—to an endless horizon! One arouses from a day dream or a real "forty-winks" to find a deck steward at one's side serving a delicious cup of broth—this at eleven in the morning—and at four in the afternoon tea with bread and butter and little cakes is served in the drawing room on small tables with a dainty service, or one may have it from the steward's tray on deck. It is shocking to be so hungry and ready for food at all hours, but that seemed to be the general condition!

Yes—all days are quite alike—but Sunday was different. This particular Sunday was a poem! A cloudless sky of softest blue, deep blue waves ruffled with white, and oceans of sunshine! One has never really seen sunshine until it is seen sparkling over countless miles of a jewelled sea! Literally—oceans of sunshine! I was speechless as I beheld the glory of it.

In the morning we attended the Church of England service in the Lounge which was packed and many standing. The Purser read the service and the First Officer read the lessons, there was no sermon. There seemed to me a great emptiness in the form of service and the meaningless way it was read! The hymns were the most effective of all—the last one being

"Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty,
Thy works doth praise Thee
In land and sky and sea!"

I felt more inspired and uplifted when we went up on the sun-deck and watched the rugged coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, as we were now beginning to pass through the Straits of Belle Isle.

There was snow on the Mountains of Labrador, and no sign of

inhabitants except a light house and three or four small houses near it that could be seen through the glasses. About four in the afternoon the first iceberg was sighted. It is the most weird sight, and probably one of the most pleasantly exciting experiences one can have on board ship, for while it is dangerous it is at the same time extremely beautiful. At first one sees something misty white, almost transparent in the distance—then suddenly it materializes out of the waves, seemingly, and comes over the horizon like a huge white bird flying toward the ship, and as we come nearer it becomes a crystal castle in a blue sea—the castle of the North Wind I imagine! In the brilliant sunshine they sparkle like mounds of diamonds. One iceberg was so massive they said it would be at least ten times the length of our ship. At one time we counted sixteen icebergs—various shapes and sizes—majestic—magnificent sight! It was extremely cold going through the Straits, and we had to keep walking and moving about to keep warm.

Eating dinner hurriedly we rushed up on deck not wanting to miss seeing this frozen fairy land, and we were just in time to see a large iceberg nearer than any the others had been; in the evening light it was the whitest white and the coldest ice-green imaginable, with deep blue waves dashing against it, tossing spray and foam high into the air! Near the end of the Straits is Belle Isle, and on this rugged island are two light houses, but no other sign of life. One is way up on the mountains, a wireless station, the other on the rocky shore, their twinkling lights seem to wish "god-speed" to the passing ships, and those dark mountains, just a grey wilderness with snow in their crags, is the last sight of land until the coast of Ireland appears like a cloud in the distance! Our course lies straight ahead in the open sea for four days! As evening darkened the moon's path spattered the waves with copper gold, —this seemed very strange to me, for at home when the moon is copper the air is soft and warm, usually our harvest moon. In this icy air we stood at the railing more than a little homesick, sending out our thoughts and our prayers over the moon-path leading homeward. The hymn of the morning came back to me:

"Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Thy works doth praise Thee
In land and sky and sea!"

Grace Thayer Bradley,
On the Transatlantic Steamer "Andania."

THE RELIGION OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS

A Sermon by Dr. Bradley Delivered in The Peoples Church, April 10, 1927. Stenographically Reported.

Five years ago last January, I was on a lecture trip in Oklahoma. I received a long letter from a gentleman in Chicago asking me if I wouldn't return at once and meet with 53 other gentlemen in the Chicago Athletic Club for the purpose of organizing a great movement of conservation. This gentleman, with his customary insistance, made it so obvious to me that I should do what he asked that I gave up the engagements which I had the rest of the week in Oklahoma and returned to Chicago. There with 53 other men, we sat down at a table in the Chicago Athletic Club and listened to this plan. I look out on this audience this morning and I see several men here who were at that meeting with me. In that group of 54 men was one of the rarest and strangest men

that ti has been my privilege to meet or to know. He had all of the defects of a great idealist, and he had all the virtues of a great crusader. I came to know him well and intimately. On the 27th day of last month, just prior to this great national convention of the Isaac Walton League of America, which closed last night with a banquet at the Sherman Hotal, at which Herbert Hoover, Secy. of Commerce of the U. S., was the principal speaker, this very rare crusader passed away. He was cremated, his ashes probably to be ultimately given some fitting resting place on the high bluffs of the Mississippi River that he loved so well.

There were only 54 of us that sat around the table that morning five years ago, and yet yesterday morning at eleven o'clock in the Hotel Sherman in this city, I looked at the faces of one thousand delegates representing almost every state in the Union, representing a great constituency of two hundred thousand people. It all came out of our little meeting of 54 men five years ago in the city of Chicago.

I have had my share of honor, if honor it is, and I have had my share of appreciation in the completion and achievement of my ideals, but I am frank to say that I have never been identified with any institution that has as its background an incentive to do public good, that I am any more happy and any more proud to be identified with than I am with the Isaac Walton League of America. The Isaac Walton League of America is not a group of sportsmen whose only interest is merely in fishing and in killing. It is accentuated by a far deeper motive than that. We have come to that period in the development of American life where we are beginning to experience the reactions that come with the passing of the pioneer spirit . We have come to that moment in the evolvement of the Republic whereby the ego of our leadership is seriously evidencing that it is far removed from those great heroic backgrounds that were so compelling in their necessities, that produced some of the leadership of this country; this great, untried and untested and uncharted country; with its rocky, ragged edges, piercing and penetrating the blue of the Atlantic, impregnable and formidible, as few coast lines are. When this little band and this little group of pioneers landed upon this Eastern shore they had to fight. They were compelled to struggle for their lives. Nothing was handed to them as it is to the youth of today. They were compelled to stand with their back up against the wall by the sea and fight to survive. They had to chisel out of the forests a log cabin home and build a stockade around it, they had to go through all of the harrowing experiences that create red blood and human character. With them none of the softness that is about us today in modern life had any toleration. Theirs was to live, and it was to live by conquest. They stood in front of an unchartered forest and they had to go through and blaze their own trails. The thing which is interfering with the quality of leadership today in America, outside of the psychological reactions which are always considered as one of the defects of democracy, is to be found in the fact that there are no trails that aren't blazed. The frontier is gone. The definiteness of ease and comfort has settled down upon our people, and even with woodsmen and sportsmen. You only have to open the pages of any out-of-door magazine in America today to see how the sportsmen themselves are yielding to this gospel of comfort; the thing that is making soft moral muscle in America, the gospel of comfort. We have come to the place where we must be comfortable or we begin to protest. We have even got to the point where we are comfortable in our religion. We have taken Hell out of it. We have got to the point

where we must be comfortable. In the old days a true woodsman and true lover of the wilds went out into the woods and the forest and lakes, fortified only by the most meager of implements. He was able to make a bed of a balsaam bough, he was able to sleep under the stars, and let his face be washed by the dews, he was willing to do all this. But not any more. A certain type today has to carry around a mattress that blows up with air and sleep on it. A type of sportsman today has to be comfortable, and when he goes into the woods, and when he goes out there into that great challenge of nature, they all laugh, the trees laugh at him, the stars make fun of him. He is a poor, petted, pampered plaything of modern civilization, and in about three generations more will wear out, while over him will look those great achieved characters who have learned what life means through the hard processes of having to work and to struggle and to fight for what they get in the world. The thing that is interfering more today, and I say it, I believe, without contradiction, the thing which is interfering more today with the heroic quality of American leadership in every department of expression, is this cult and this creed of comfort. The great influence which the out-of-doors has upon an individual who goes to the out-of-doors is weakened and is dampened and is lessened by this desire to be merely comfortable. Part of the joy of two weeks in the open is to have earthy things that will flavor your soup and sweeten your sleep. A good sized ant adds a rare flavor which you are denied in the culinary perfections of the ultra-comfort; he brings you something worth while.

My friends, when I come to this question of leadership, I want you to see what I mean. I wish I could visualize for our contemporary mind today that quality of genius that came through from that Eastern Seaboard and came to a dark forest of Pennsylvania and went through. Even George Washington did not anticipate. I was reading in the memoirs of Washington where he said "There will never be anything west of the Alleghenies, for they are impassable." Washington wrote that, and how he under-estimated this great desire of humanity for fields anew and pastures untrod. Nothing west of the Allegheny Mountains because they were impassable! What would Washington do if he were to come back to America today? I think that he would probably be so affected that he would not be able to grasp the significance of it all.

They came to a prairie in Illinois and Indiana, and here upon the shores of an inland sea they planted the seed of our great metropolis. Who started the cities? First there was the salt lick, then the deer found the salt lick, the Indian followed the deer, the trader followed the Indian, modern commerce and civilization followed the trader, and as the frontier was pushed toward the west, there was made possible the commercial and industrial development that followed from the East. But that pioneer of the frontier is passed and we must now construct in America new frontiers, that will challenge as the old physical frontiers challenged, the finest quality of blood and the finest quality of mind which our civilization is capable of doing. And my friends, if we continue with our cult of comfort, if we continue founding our hope of immortality upon materialistic achievements, America is riding for a fall, and any student who projects his mind into the next fifty years, with a continuation of much of our contemporary life, will come to this ultimate conclusion.

Now, what are we going to do about it? How are we going to create a new frontier in American life? We can't do it by pioneering and discovery of physical territory, that's been done. The genius of man has made its

way to the bottom of the sea with the submarine, we press a button and light a continent, and now some inventor has even gone ahead and we are going to have a visualization of the party to whom we are talking on the telephone, and how a lot of us will be prevented from prevarication. We are moving in a world of invention. The mind of man is wresting from the heart of the universe its deepest and choicest and hidden secrets. But what of it? What is the test of civilization? The radio? Not at all. That a man can go so many miles a minute in an automobile? Not at all. That you can press a button and light a continent? Not at all. That I can pick up my receiver in the office and talk to my friend Dr. Cross in London? Not at all. That you can build a high building that sways in the wind? Not at all. You think that is civilization? You call these things civilization. You go-getters, you business men, that pride yourselves on your power, who think that you have built for an age. The stars laught at you, the poor old g o l d e n moon has pity on you. You who are crystallized and whose gospel is the gospel of efficiency, call it civilization. What is civilization? Civilization is not that microphone, is not the radio. Civilization is to be determined in what goes out of that microphone, and off from those wires into the air. That's civilization. Tell me what kind of music you love and I'll tell you how civilized you are, and I will not determine it by a mechanical invention. Tell me what kind of preaching you want to hear, all that fills your soul over the radio, and I'll tell you the degree of civilization that you have reached as an individual. The submarine, the wireless, electricity, all these things aren't civilization at all. What's the submarine for? Then I'll tell you how civilized you are. The test is the objective. What is this little vial that an inventor comes out of his room with and storms New Jersey and makes the astounding statement that in the next war we will shoot germs just as in this war we shot bullets, and then qualifies his statement by saying there is enough energy in this little vial to destroy the city of New York in seven minutes. You call that civilization? What is the test of civilization? Why it is to be found in that same test of what is true culture and infinite considerateness, and the quality of goodness and truth and beauty that might be in the world, and anything that destroys any of these three is not civilization and cannot live. That's all there is to it, a mere matter of logic. It is a mere matter of deduction.

It is only, my friends, the challenge of the difficult that makes you a man. The challenge of the difficult—that is the thing that will put red blood in your veins and throw back your shoulders, and the moment somebody hands you something, and you have never had to face the uncertainty of victory, then your soul becomes softened, because it is the mere fact that no victory is ever certain in this life, that makes life worth while, and makes the struggle glorious. And you say, what has that to do with conservation. What relationship does that have to conservation?

I am criticized greatly. I like constructive criticism, of course, but every little while some of my friends criticize me very severely because of the interest I have taken in conservation. One of my friends said "If you would be half as much interested in getting people into Heaven as you are in saving fish in America, you would approach the idea of ministry." Well, of course, I looked at him and kept my religion. You should be interested in getting people into Heaven if you are a minister!

Now, my friends, that is exactly what I am not interested in. I am not interested in getting anybody into Heaven. I know a lot of people that should be there, but I am not interested in crowd-

ing them into it. I am not really interested about it myself as an individual. Of course, there are people in the world who think I am not going to Heaven, and perhaps they will be right, but the thing is, they are not going to have anything to say about it. If they were, I think some of my opportunities would be very, very, very slight. But they are not going to have much to say about it.

Henry Ward Beecher loved nature, and I think of him, when he came from Brooklyn, where, after pounding away at the heart of Brooklyn from October to May, he went up to the hills and mountains in Connecticut and rested his soul. Henry Ward Beecher used to say there would be three surprise parties in Heaven. First, that he got there himself, next was that he missed somebody that he understood wasn't only going to be there, but was going to be there in an officia capacity. We have a few in Chicago in that same position—and the third surprise was that he saw someone that he didn't expect to see—and that lets most of us in.

And they say "You should be interested in getting people into Heaven." I am not. The people that I know who know the most about Heaven, who can tell you more about its jasper walls and its golden streets, can tell you the very notes of the harps, and how the angels clean their wings, who can tell you the whole story of Heaven, and who sing about the Sweet Bye and Bye—when they get a good sized pain, get to the best doctor they can find And why? Because no one wants to go to Heaven until he has to. The thing that I want to do is to stay on earth. I love this earth. It's so far superior to anything I have ever heard of or read of Heaven, that I have never had any desire to leave it. I wouldn't trade a trail in the woods for any golden street that I ever heard of, and as far as for sitting around on a throne and singing with the harps, I would rather hear the song of a bird than the note of any harp that any angel could ever play. I love earth. I love every star and flower and bird, and the laughter of little children. I love night; I love day; I love dawn; I love twilight; Oh, God! What a beautiful world we have here. Why do you want to sell it out for Heaven? How it might be as God Almighty meant it to be, his garden.

And how the man of Galilee rides into Jerusalem today with palms waving, and that group of people in the city of Jerusalem are shouting "Hosanna to the King, Hosanna to the King!" The cry of selfishness because they think a king has come who will deliver the Jewish people from the bondage of Rome, who will bring freedom in a social sense and in a civic sense to the Jewish people. And so they shout "Hosanna to the King," and what does He do? He who understood their selfishness just as he understands it today, He who understood the ambitions of racialism just as today, what did He do? He didn't forget his ministry, He didn't forget the hours of anguish, what did He do? He wept. Palms didn't mean anything to him. And when they shouted Hosanna to the King he knew that never once did he think of an earthly king, never once did he think of being a political deliverer, never once. He wept; and he gave that great Jewish heart of his to passion when he cried "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How oft would I have gathered you under my wing as a hen gathers her brood, but you would not, and now you wave palm branches." Oh, the irony, the irony, the irony, of what the church has done, and what organized religion has done in squeezing out of the life of Jesus the reality that he lived and meant. And I repeat again, as I said some weeks ago, they lost it, they lost it. Churches today are filled with palm wavers, and they are going to put them under their feet and walk over the palms.

But what's the use? You might as well talk to a stone wall as talk to a religious prejudice. The old battlefield of truth will still be fresh with the blood of men after I am through preaching, for people are still going on happy in believing what they want to believe and what their racial inheritance hands them. So there isn't any use, much; so we come down to this specific thing, this problem of the relationships.

I want to tell you a story. I had a little river when I was a boy. I learned to love that river. I knew every living thing that grew along its banks. I learned to swim in that river, and my father made the first pair of skates to skate on that river in the winter, and I had a sense of possession in that river. I thank God today and I thank Him every day. My father never went to school a day after he was fifteen and he pounded iron for forty years, until his hands were calloused. Next Sunday morning he is going to sit in my church, and when I think of that father, I am glad that he was the kind of father that he was. He told me the names of the birds; he taught me how to skate. He is getting along in years, but I recall last summer he swam a mile and a half in our lake. He has always been a lover of the out-of-doors, and if you men want to do something for your boys, if you really want to do something for that boy of yours—you plan this summer to get that boy by your side and get him out into the woods, and don't go comfortable. You take him out there and sleep by his side, on a balsaam bough, under the stars. Teach him how to love the out-of-doors, for any man who loves the out-of-doors goes straight and clean in society. It is invariable. Show me a man that doesn't love the out-of-doors, and I'll show you a man you had better watch. Where are our criminals and bandits and crooks and thieves today? Where are they? Do they take canoe trips and get out where it is lonely? Oh, no. You couldn't sit under a tree, under the stars, by the side of a fire in the evening and smoke your pipe and listen to the voices of the night and nature, you couldn't do that and have a conscience that eats at your vitals. You wouldn't do that. If you did, you would have to stimulate yourself. You would have to fill yourself with rotten whiskey, you would have to do something to make you forget, for nature is a great accuser. Nature is a great accuser. When you go out there you must go straight. Because I can definitely trace the influence of a love of nature upon the moral fibre of an individual, for that reason, I believe that if I had to choose between sending a boy of mine to the ordinary Sunday School as it is usually conducted today in America, and to the Boy Scouts, I should send my boy to the Boy Scouts first. They have more religion. I would rather have a boy of mine learn about the secrets of the out-of-doors than I would about how the animals got in the ark, or any of the other things that are sometimes taught. You only have to look out on society and you can see very definitely traced the relationship that exists between a fine quality of leadership and this business of the out-of-doors. Trees aren't hypocrites. You never saw a tree that was a hypocrite. Only men and women are hypocrites, not trees. Why, we are the ones that brought disgrace on life. Life hasn't. There is not a living animal that isn't more decent than we are.

That world out there is a clean world, and it has its laws and it lives up to them, and there isn't any one of us who isn't better for knowing it. And that's the reason I want to say as much as I can in my little way about this out-of-doors of America. And that's why this great Isaac Walton League in this short period in which it has been in existence, has been instrumental in saving the Superior National Forest so that when you go through it to-

day you will have to go as God intended you to go, in a canoe, and we are not going to cut up the Superior National Forest with roads. Automobile tourists with, the vast majority of them, no sense as to cleanliness, who string tin cans and newspapers and everything imaginable from here and there and back again—their principal joy as they gulp down breakfast in the morning—"We have got to do 310 today"—and who sit at the wheel, looking right ahead, missing a chicken or a rooster, and say "Well, I didn't get him," and come back home after two weeks of it, and they have had a "lovely trip." Anybody who loves to walk will get more out of a 25 mile hike than 250 miles in an automobile.

So we have kept roads out of Superior National Forest, and when you come up there to see me you will come by water. I live on an island. And then that stretch from Lake Pepin to Rock Island—preserved for all time—with an appropriation of the United States Government for a million and a half dollars. Just before Congress adjourned, it passed the law making the appropriation, and today and for all time, three hundred miles from Lake Pepin to Rock Island of the Mississipi River is to be reserved as a preserve and refuge for the wild life that inhabits that section of the country.

What's that got to do with the future of America? The men who made America all came out of the earth. They are not the product of steam heated kitchenettes. They knew the earth. They knew the lakes and the mountains and the seas, and it bred something into their souls, so when the hour of decision came and they had to make a choice and had to say this or that, they had clear eyes and brains and steady nerves, and they looked the world in the face and made their decision. Twenty-one Presidents of the United States have been out-of-door men. In every department of leadership of the world today you will find the out-of-doors men.

What is the test of a nature lover? There are a lot of you folks who love nature just like you love pictures. Walk through the Art Institute sometime and come to something especially beautiful, and everybody says "That is beautiful," and walk through the country on a lovely day—you love it, don't you? Now, anybody can love nature on a nice day. Anybody would be abnormal who didn't respond to the beauty of a nice day. How are you when it rains? Have you ever been out on a canoe trip when it rained, and every few minutes stopped to bail out the water, and then tried to make a fire, and then after you have made the fire and the water begins to boil, made and tried to eat sandwiches in the rain and have the bread all run through your fingers? How do you like it then? To me the test of a nature lover is to be found in two things. Do you like the rain, and do you like the wind? If you like the rain and you like the wind, then we'll give you a diploma. But you have to like the wind and the rain. In the days of the old Rush Street Bridge, I was coming over that bridge one evening in the rain. I like to walk in the rain, there is something about the rain that is elemental. Your brain can be all foggy with troubles, and rain water has a special art of penetrating that washes them all away. Get out in the rain. Some of you folks never get good and wet on the outside, you have been too busy getting wet on the inside. Try the outside, and you will be surprised at what it will do. I was walking across Rush Street Bridge in the rain one night, and I ran right into another man. I looked at him and he looked at me, and like a gentleman, he said, "Excuse me, I see you like the rain. I don't very often meet men who like to walk in the rain." I said, "No, Mr. Mansfield, there are few of us," for I was talking to that great artist Mansfield, and

I always liked him better after that because he liked the rain. And then I saw him in that great character of Peer Gynt, in that great play, and I saw him as Peer, leaping over the rugged mountains, then I saw what success did to him in Morocco, and then I saw him hand his bag of gold to the shores of Norway, and I saw him shipwrecked and stranded upon the shores of Norway, penniless, this man who had said he was Peer Gynt, bruised, bleeding, penniless, groping his way thru little villages, one after another, saying "What's become of Peer Gynt," and no one knew and no one cared, and then he listens and he hears the music and it's all there. "I will cradle thee, I will watch thee. Sleep and dream thou dear, my boy," and then follows her name, and in the love of Solveig, he finds his kingdom and his Kaiser.

So it will be with us. So it will be with America. So it will be with the world. Let us save this out-of-doors that God gave us. These streams. Chicago today pollutes five sevenths of the area of the state of Illinois with her sewerage and her garbage, and streams that once ran crystal white and leaped with fish, where the little children could swim and play, now reek with stinking garbage. Chicago may boast of her greatness, she may boast of her wealth, she may boast of her future. Chicago will have more to boast of when she cleans up the filth that goes out of her city, by chemical work in her own borders, stops polluting the streams of the state of Illinois. The other night in the city of Indianapolis, I addressed a great meeting; I had Governor Jackson of the state of Indiana on my left, Supreme Court Justice Travis, next to whom sat the Attorney General, next the Secretary of State; on the other side of Gov. Jackson sat the Lieutenant Governor of the state of Indiana, the Department of Public Welfare, and the Commissions of Conservation of the state of Indiana, members of the Indiana Legislature, and in front of us two hundred representatives of the state of Indiana. The bill of anti-pollution was to come soon before the Legislature of the state. At the close of my address the Governor rose and dedicated himself to this development of conservation. We made this great fight in my native state, Michigan, only recently. There was a great anti-polution campaign, and the State of Michigan put upon its statute books a law giving every city in the State of Michigan five years to clean up and the State of Michigan today is cleaning up, and in one year more I am going home again. I am going back to my little river and stand upon its banks, and I am going to see it reborne as God meant the out-of-doors to be, clean and pure, to make us clean and pure, that we, all of us, can bring a Kingdom of God, not to some Heaven, but to earth, the Kingdom of God on earth, as it is in Heaven. And this, my friends, is the great message of this Isaac Walton League, and it is worthy of the support of every man, woman and child in the United States of America.

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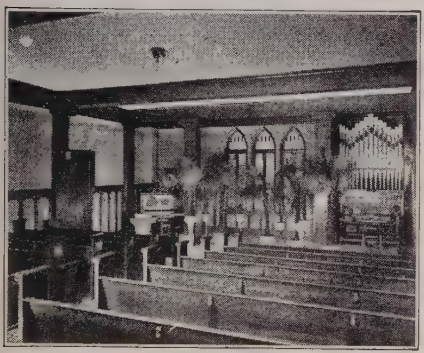

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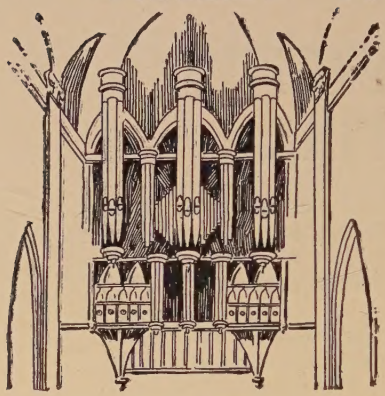

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